

English Literature for Secondary Schools
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SHAKESPEARE



Shakespeare

Select Scenes and Passages from the English Historical Plays

Edited by

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INTRODUCTION

THERE are many advantages in being born an Englishman. Not the least of our birthrights is the power of reading Shakespeare in our mother tongue ; and no one, who is not an Englishman born and bred, is able really to comprehend Shakespeare, who is the typical Englishman. And in none of his dramas is Shakespeare so truly the typical Englishman, as in his historical plays, which you are now about to read for the first time.

Shakespeare was born in April, 1564, in Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire, the heart and centre of England, the country round is 'the perfection of quiet English scenery, remarkable for its wealth of lovely wild flowers, for its deep meadows on each side of the tranquil Avon, and for its rich, sweet woodlands.' Shakespeare's poems are full of country sights, and sounds, and sports. He went to school, no doubt, in Stratford, and learned to read Latin as Grammar School boys did in those days. But Shakespeare was learning all his life : alert, inquiring, sympathetic, he talked to everyone he met, brother-actors, brother-writers, courtiers, ship-captains, scholars, travellers, foreigners. He wanted to know everything, he was interested in everyone, and so he picked up a wonderful amount of

knowledge; he learned to read French and Italian; and he got to know so much about law, and doctoring, and military matters, and sea-faring, that books have been written to prove that he must have been a lawyer, and a physician, and a soldier, and a sailor, and many other things. He left Stratford early in life for London, went on the stage, wrote plays, and acted in them, managed a theatre, and made some money, went back to Stratford, and bought a house, and died there on 23rd April, 1616.

Shakespeare was a man of wonderful natural gifts, but he was also a keen observer and a hard worker and thinker; and when you grow older you will be able to read his life, and all his plays in the order in which he wrote them, and then you will see for yourself how his skill and power, and understanding, and kindness of heart were continually increasing.

One of the best descriptions of him is that he was a 'myriad-minded man'; that is, that he pondered over and fathomed many problems, that he possessed many powers, that we may regard him and his poems from many points of view. We may now say a few words on some of these points; for instance, his metre, his language, his love of nature, his dramatic power, his genius in making his characters live, his versatility. As magnificent specimens of his verse, we have in this book King Henry the Fifth's words to his men before Agincourt, and the speech of Worcester in scene iv., which begins: 'Peace, Cousin, say no more'; or Gaunt's dying words in scene iii. Shakespeare had a very large vocabulary; he loved grand and stately words, as

'Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels' (ix. 27).

'This other Eden, demi-paradise' (iii. 12).

And he was interested also in *all* words ; he knew so much about so many things, and he likes to call things by their right names.

It has been said that¹ : ‘A perfectly poetic appreciation of nature contains two elements—a knowledge of facts, and a sensibility to charms.’ Both these elements were possessed by Shakespeare in the highest degree ; and he possessed also the power of imparting to his readers the knowledge and the charm.

As a dramatic writer Shakespeare is unrivalled in the spiritedness, the vigour, the vividness with which he brings *action* before us. ‘A play of Shakespeare reads as if it were written in a playhouse. The great critics assure you that a theatrical audience must be kept awake, but Shakespeare knew this of his own knowledge. When you read him, you feel a sensation of motion, a conviction that there is something “up,” a notion that not only is something being talked about, but also that something is being done.’¹

But the quality in Shakespeare which dominates the rest, and in which he easily surpasses all other writers, ancient or modern, is his power of making his characters live ; this is the rarest of all faculties, and Shakespeare possesses it in an extraordinary degree. ‘At his creating breath the dead rise from their tombs, heroes gain victories, lovers murmur in accents which still move our hearts. From the dust of Chronicles he draws the rough clay out of which he fashions his character ; and as soon as the character leaps from his hands it is alive, fights, speaks, is crowned with laurel or myrtle, or dashed down in some awful catastrophe. . . . He

¹ Walter Bagehot : *Literary Studies*, ‘Shakespeare.’

paints equally well Hotspur, who is all action, Hamlet, who is all imagination, Lady Macbeth who is all ambition. . . . If he brings a dog upon the stage, the dog is alive, and has a character of his own. . . . A nurse, a porter, a ship-captain, a page appear; they are not people on the stage, they are people in real life.”¹

And lastly there is his versatility, his power of turning from king to peasant, from joy to sorrow, from the deep mysteries of human life to the wildest humour; in the scenes in this book we have the young boy Arthur, and the dying old man Gaunt, the impulsive Hotspur, Henry the Fifth, the gallant man of action, and his dreamy musing son at the battle of Towton.

Shakespeare wrote plays of many different kinds, in his own words, ‘tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral’² We have now to deal with his historical plays.

Patriotism is an essential part of Shakespeare’s genius: and in the historical plays the real Shakespeare may be seen. He was an enthusiastic lover of England, the land ‘hedged in by the main,’ of ‘England’s fertile soil,’ of the winds ‘that blow to England’s blessed shore.’ And he loved also ‘the hearts of English breed,’ with their high military qualities, worthy brood of ‘the eagle England being in prey.’ For ‘this island of England breeds very valiant creatures: their mastiffs are of

¹ Jusserand: *Histoire Littéraire du Peuple Anglais, de la Renaissance à la Guerre Civile*, p. 709 et s. For a beautiful comparison of Shakespeare’s heroes and heroines, see Ruskin’s *Sesame and Lilies*, II. ‘Of Queen’s Gardens,’ §§ 56-58.

² Hamlet ii. 2. 416.

unmatchable courage.' And listen to King Henry V. before Harfleur :

And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture : let us swear
That you are worth your breeding : which I doubt not ;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

Shakespeare tells us with admiration of the ' brave peers of England,' accustomed to fight ' one to ten ' for ' England's right,' and ' the trust of England's honour,' ' whose life was England's glory.'

Finally he has a deep regard and reverence for the English Crown, for what Chatham called ' this ancient and most noble monarchy ' ; and even the basest of our kings is

Made precious by the foil
Of England's chair.

When they remember that they are English kings John becomes patriotic, and Richard II. dignified ; but it is in Henry V. that we see Shakespeare's true ruler, the head of a well-ordered and united Commonwealth :

For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music. . . .
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark ; as many ways meet in one town ;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;
As many lines close in the dial's centre ;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat.¹

¹ Henry V. i. 2. 180. •

I.

HUBERT AND ARTHUR.

KING JOHN. ACT IV. SCENE I. *A room in a castle.*

Enter HUBERT and Executioners.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot ; and look thou stand
Within the arras : when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

First Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the
deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples ! fear not you : look to't.

[Exeunt Executioners.]

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince, having so great a title 10
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me !

Methinks no body should be sad but I :

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long :
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me : 20
He is afraid of me and I of him :

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?
No, indeed, is't not : and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead :
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day :
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you : 30
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my
bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]

[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum !
Turning spiteous torture out of door !
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears,
Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you ?

Hub. And I will. 40

Arth. Have you the heart ? When your head did
but ache,

I knit my handkercher about your brows,
 The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
 And I did never ask it you again ;
 And with my hand at midnight held your head,
 And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
 Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'
 Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'
 Many a poor man's son would have lien still 50
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love
 And call it cunning : do, an if you will :
 If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
 Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes ?
 These eyes that never did nor never shall
 So much as frown on you.

Hub. I have sworn to do it ;

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it ! 60
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
 And quench his fiery indignation
 Even in the matter of mine innocence ;
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron ?
 An if an angel should have come to me
 And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes, 69
 I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth.

[*Stamps.*

Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes are cut
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough ?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !

Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;

80

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angrily :

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

First Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Executioners.*]

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend !

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself. 90

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense !

Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :

Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert ; 100

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes : O, spare mine eyes
Though to no use but still to look on you !
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush.

Hub. Well see to live ; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes : 110
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace ; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead ;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports :
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven ! I thank you, Hubert. 120

II.

ENGLAND, AND HER INVADERS.

KING JOHN. ACT V. SCENE VII.

Faulconbridge. This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.

Now these her princes are come home again,
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true.

III.

ENGLAND.

RICHARD II. ACT II. SCENE I. *Ely House :*
John of Gaunt sick.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired
 And thus expiring do foretell of him :
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
 He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;
 With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle, 10
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,
 This fortress built by Nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war,
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands,
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England, 20
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,

Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 For Christian service and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm :
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds :
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

30

IV.

KING HENRY IV. AND THE PERCIES.

HENRY IV. ACT I. SCENE III. *London. The Palace.*

Enter the KING, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, with others.

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 And you have found me ; for accordingly
 You tread upon my patience : but be sure
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition :

Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
 And that same greatness too which our own hands
 Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

King. Worcester, get thee gone ; for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye :
 O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
 And majesty might never yet endure
 The moody frontier of a servant brow.
 You have good leave to leave us : when we need 20
 Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

[*Exit Wor.*

You were about to speak.

[*To North.*

North.

Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
 Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
 Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
 As is deliver'd to your majesty :
 Either envy, therefore, or misprision
 Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But I remember, when the fight was done, 30
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
 Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin new reap'd
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;
 He was perfum'd like a milliner ;

And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again ;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there 40
Took it in snuff ; and still he smiled and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me : amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay, 50
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly .I know not what,
He should, or he should not ; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark !—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd 60
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself had been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation

Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord, 70
 Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
 To such a person and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,
 May reasonably die and never rise
 To do him wrong or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
 But with proviso and exception,
 That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ; 80
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight
 Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
 Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
 Be emptied to redeem a traitor home ?
 Shall we buy treason ? and indent with fears,
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves ?
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve ;
 For I shall never hold that man my friend 90
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer !
 He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 But by the chance of war : to prove that true
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
 In single opposition, hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour 100

In changing hardiment with great Glendower :
 Three times they breathed and three times did they drink,
 Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
 Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.
 Never did base and rotten policy
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer 110
 Receive so many, and all willingly :
 Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him ;
 He never did encounter with Glendower :
 I tell thee,
 He durst as well have met the devil alone
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 Art thou not ashamed ? But, sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means 120
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
 We license your departure with your son.
 Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

[Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.]

Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them,
 I will not send them : I will after straight
 And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
 Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler ? stay and pause
 awhile :
 Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.*Hot.* Speak of Mortimer ! 130

'Zounds, I will speak of him ; and let my soul
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him :
 Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
 As high in the air as this unthankful king,
 As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew
 mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone ?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners ; 140
 And when I urged the ransom once again
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him : was not he proclaim'd
 By Richard that dead is the next of blood ?

North. He was ; I heard the proclamation :
 And then it was when the unhappy king,—
 Whose wrongs in us God pardon !—did set forth
 Upon his Irish expedition ; 150
 From whence he intercepted did return
 To be deposed and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide
 mouth
 Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you ; did King Richard then
 Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
 Heir to the crown ?

North. He did ; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown 160
Upon the head of this forgetful man
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king ;
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days, 170
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No ; yet time serves wherein you may redeem 180
Your banish'd honours and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths :
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more ;
And now I will unclasp a secret book,

And to your quick-conceiving discontents
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
 As full of peril and adventurous spirit
 As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

190

Hot. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim;
 Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north to south,
 And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North. Imagination of some great exploit
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

200

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
 So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
 Without corrival all her dignities:
 But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

Wor. Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots 210

That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;

By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
 No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
 I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away

And lend no ear unto my purposes.

Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:

He said he would not ransom Mortimer ;
 Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ;
 But I will find him when he lies asleep,
 And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer !' 220

Nay, —

I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
 Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,
 To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin ; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
 Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :
 And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
 But that I think his father loves him not
 And would be glad he met with some mischance, 230
 I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman : I'll talk to you
 When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
 Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
 Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own !

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with
 rods,

Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
 Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—what do you call the place ?— 240

A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire ;
 'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
 His uncle York ; where I first bow'd my knee
 Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
 'Sblood !—

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true :

Why, what a cādy deal of courtesy

~This fawning greyhound then did proffer me ! 250

Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'

And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin ;'

O, the devil take such cozeners ! God forgive me ?

Good uncle, tell your tale ; I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it again ;

We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,

And make the Douglas' son your only mean

For powers in Scotland ; which, for divers reasons 260

Which I shall send you written, be assured,

Will easily be granted. You, my lord,

[*To Northumberland.*

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,

Shall secretly into the bosom creep

Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,

The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not ?

Wor. True : who bears hard

His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.

I speak not this in estimation, 270

As what I think might be, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted and set down,

And only stays but to behold the face

Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it ; upon my life, it will do well. ~

North. Before the game is afoot, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. ~ Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot ;

And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd 280

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head ;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home :
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does : we'll be revenged on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell : no further go in this 290
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer ;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother : we shall thrive, I
trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu : O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport ! 300

V

THE CONSPIRACY.

KING HENRY IV. PART I. ACT III. SCENE I.

*Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.**Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and*
GLENDOWER.*Mort.* These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.*Hot.* Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down ?And uncle Worcester : a plague upon it !
I have forgot the map.*Glend.* No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy ; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven. 10*Hot.* And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen
Glendower spoke of.*Glend.* I cannot blame him : at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets ; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.*Hot.* Why, so it would have done at the same season,
if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself
had never been born. 20*Glend.* I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did
tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on
fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, 30
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art 40
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh. I'll
to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy ; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man ;
But will they come when you do call for them ?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth : tell truth and shame the devil. 50

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
 And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
 O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made
 head

Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
 And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
 Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
 How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name? 60

Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right
 According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath dividèd it
 Into three limits very equally:
 England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
 By south and east is to my part assign'd:
 All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
 And all the fertile land within that bound,
 To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you
 The remnant northward, lying off from Trent. 70
 To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
 And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
 To meet your father and the Scottish power,
 As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet,
 Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
 Within that space you may have drawn together
 Your tenants, friends and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
 And in my conduct shall your ladies come; 80
 From whom you now must steal and take no leave,

For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here, •
In quantity equals not one of yours :
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run 90
In a new channel, fair and evenly ;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see in
doth. •

Mort. Yea, but
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here
And on this north side win this cape of land ;
And then he runs straight and even. 100

Hot. I'll have it so : a little charge will do it.

Glend. I'll not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you, then ; speak it in
Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you :
For I was train'd up in the English court :
Where, being but young, I fram'd to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well.

And gave the tongue a helpful ornament, 110
A virtue that was never seen in you.

* *Hot.* Marry,

And I am glad of it with all my heart :

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew

Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers ;

I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,

Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;

And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,

Nothing so much as mincing poetry :

'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag. 120

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care : I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend ;

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,

I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

Glend. The moon shines fair ; you may away by night :
I'll haste the writer and withal

Break with your wives of your departure hence :

I am afraid my daughter will run mad, 130

So much she doteth on her Mortimer. *[Exit.]*

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy ! how you cross my father !

Hot. I cannot choose : sometime he angers me

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,

Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,

And of a dragon and a finless fish,

A clip wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,

A couching lion and a ramping cat,

And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff

As puts me from my faith. I tell you what ; 140

He held me last night at least nine hours

In reckoning up the several devils' names
 That were his lackeys: I cried 'huff,' and 'well,
 go to,'

But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
 As a tired horse, a railing wife;
 Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
 With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
 Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
 In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman, 150
 Exceedingly well read, and profited
 In strange concealments, valiant as a lion
 And wondrous affable and as bountiful
 As mines of India. • Shall I tell you, cousin?
 He holds your temper in a high respect
 And curbs himself even of his natural scope
 When you come 'cross his humour; faith, he does:
 I warrant you, that man is not alive
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,
 Without the taste of danger and reproof: 160
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

~~Wor.~~ In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
 And since your coming hither have done enough
 To put him quite beside his patience.
 You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
 Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
 And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
 Defect of manners, want of government,
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain: 170
 The least of which haunting a nobleman
 Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain

Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
 Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your
 speed!

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

VI.

HENRY IV. AND SLEEP.

KING HENRY IV. PART II. ACT III. SCENE I.

Westminster. The palace.

Enter the KING in his nightgown, with a Page.

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
 But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
 And well consider of them: make good speed.

[Exit Page.]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
 And dush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
 A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge 20
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down ! 30
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

VII.

KING HENRY V. AT AGINCOURT.

KING HENRY V. ACT IV. SCENE III.

The English-camp.

Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM, *with*
all his host: SALISBURY and WESTMORELAND.

Glou. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one ; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us ! 'tis a fearful odds,
God be wi' you, princes all ; I'll to my charge :

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
 Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
 My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
 And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu ! 10

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury ; and good luck go with
 thee !

Exe. Farewell, kind lord ; fight valiantly to-day :
 And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
 For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness ;
 Princely in both.

Enter the KING.

West. O that we now had here
 But one ten thousand of those men in England
 That do no work to-day !

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so ?
 My cousin Westmoreland ? No, my fair cousin :
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enow 20
 To do our country loss ; and if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
 By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
 It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
 But if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England : 30
 God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me
 For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more !

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight.
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian, 40
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian :'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages 50
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers; 60
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,

And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed :
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us. 70

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now !

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England,
coz ?

West. God's will ! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle !

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand
men ;

Which likes me better than to wish us one.

You know your places : God be with you all !

VIII.

KING HENRY VI. AT TOWTON.

KING HENRY VI. PART III. ACT II. SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY alone.

King. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind ;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea

Forced to retire by fury of the wind :
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind ;
Now one the better, then another best ; 10
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered :
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down,
To whom God will, there be the victory !
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so ;
For what is in this world but grief and woe ? 20
O God ! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain ;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete ;
How many hours bring about the day ;
How many days will finish up the year ;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times : 30
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take my rest ;
So many hours must I contemplate ;
So many hours must I sport myself ;
So many days my ewes have been with young ;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean ;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece :
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,

Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave. 46
Ah, what a life were this? how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys, 50
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.
*Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his father, dragging
in the dead body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me. 60
Who's this? O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!

And pardon, father, for I knew not thee ! . 70

My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks ;
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle ! O bloody times !
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear ;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief.

*Enter a Father that has killed his son, bringing in
the body.*

Fath. Thou that so stoutly has resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold ; 80
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see : is this our foeman's face ?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son !
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye ! see, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart !
O, pity, God, this miserable age !
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous and unnatural, 90
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late !

K. Hen. Woe above woe ! grief more than common
grief !

O that my death would stay these ruthless deeds !
• O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity !

Son. How will my mother for a father's death
Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied !

Fath. How will my wife for slaughter of my son
Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied ! 100

K. Hen. How will the country for these woful
chances

Misthink the king and not be satisfied !

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death ?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son ?

K. Hen. Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe ?
Much is your sorrow ; mine ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[Exit with the body.]

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet ;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go ; 110
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell ;
I'll bear thee hence ; and let them fight that will,
For I have murdered where I should not kill.

[Exit with the body.]

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

*Alarums : excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, the
PRINCE, and EXETER.*

Prince. Fly, father, fly ! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull :
Away ! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord ; towards Berwick post
again :

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds 120
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs ; and therefore hence again.

Exe. Away ! for vengeance comes along with them :
 Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed ;
 Or else come after : I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter ;
 Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
 Whither the queen intends. Forward ; away ! 130

IX.

GLOUCESTER PLANS THE MURDER
OF CLARENCE.

KING RICHARD III. ACT I. SCENE III.

Glow. [Alone] I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
 The secret mischiefs that I set abroad
 I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
 Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
 I do beweepe to many simple gulls ;
 Namely, to Hastings, Derby, Buckingham ;
 And say it is the queen and her allies
 That stir the king against the duke my brother.
 Now, they believe it ; and withal whet me
 To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey : 10
 But then I sigh ; and, with a piece of scripture,
 Tell them that God bids us do good for evil :
 And thus I clothe my naked villany
 With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ ;
 And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

•But, soft ! here come my executioners.
 How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates !
 Are you now going to dispatch this dead ?

First Murd. We are, my lord ; and come to have the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is. 20

Glou. Well thought upon ; I have it here about me.

[*Gives the warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead ;

For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

First Murd. Tush !

Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate ;

Talkers are no good doers : be assured

We come to use our hands and not our tongues. 30

Glou. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears :

I like you, lads ; about your business straight ;

Go, go, dispatch.

First Murd. We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*]

X.

MURDER OF CLARENCE.

KING RICHARD III. ACT I. SCENE IV. *London.*

The Tower.

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,

I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream? I long to hear you
tell it.

Clar. Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ; 10
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester ;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches : thence we look'd toward England ;
And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled ; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main. 20
Lord, Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears !
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes !
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea :
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, 30
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep ?•

Clar. Methought I had ; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air ;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk, 40
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony ?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life ;
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
Who cried aloud, ' What scourge for perjury 50
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ? '
And so he vanish'd : then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood ; and he squeak'd out aloud,
' Clarence is come ; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury ;
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments ! '
With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise 60
I trembling wak'd, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream.

Brak. No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted you ;
I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
Which now bear evidence against my soul,

For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me !
O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds, 70
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone,
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord : God give your grace good
rest ! [Clarence sleeps.]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil ;
And, for unfelt imagination, 80
They often feel a world of restless cares :
So that, betwixt their titles and low names,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

First Murd. Ho ! who's here ?

Brak. In God's name what are you, and how came
you hither ?

First Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came
hither on my legs.

Brak. Yea, are you so brief ?

Sec. Murd. O Sir, it is better to be brief than tedious.
Shew him our commission ; talk no more. 90

[Brakenbury reads it.]

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands :
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep :

I'll to the king ; and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd my charge to you.

First Murd. Do so, it is a point of wisdom : fare you
well. *[Exit Brakenbury.*

Sec. Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps ? 100

First Murd. No ; then he will say 'twas done cowardly,
when he wakes.

Sec. Murd. When he wakes ! why, fool, he shall never
wake till the judgement-day.

First Murd. Why, then he will say we stabbed him
sleeping.

Sec. Murd. The urging of that word 'judgement'
hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

First Murd. What, art thou afraid ? 109

Sec. Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it ;
but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant
can defend us.

First Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

Sec. Murd. So I am, to let him live.

First Murd. Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him
so.

Sec. Murd. I pray thee, stay awhile : I hope my holy
humour will change ; 't was wont to hold me but while
one would tell twenty.

First Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now ? 120

Sec. Murd. 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience
are yet within me.

First Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed is
done.

Sec. Murd. 'Zounds, he dies : I had forgot the reward.

First Murd. Where is thy conscience now ?

Sec.-Murd. In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

First Murd. So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out. 129

Sec. Murd. Let it go ; there's few or none will entertain it.

First Murd. How if it come to thee again ?

Sec. Murd. I'll not meddle with it : it is a dangerous thing : it makes a man a coward : a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him ; he cannot swear, but it checks him ; 'tis a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom ; it fills one full of obstacles : it made me once restore a purse of gold that I found ; it beggars any man that keeps it : it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing ; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it.

First Murd. 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

Sec. Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not ; he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

First Murd. Tut, I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me, I warrant thee. 149

Sec. Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear ?

First Murd. Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword and then we will chop him in the malmsey-butt in the next room.

Sec. Murd. O excellent device ! make a sop of him.

First Murd. Hark ! he stirs : shall I strike ?

Sec. Murd. No, first let's reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper ? give me a cup of wine.

Sec. Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord,
anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou? 160

Sec. Murd. A man as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

Sec. Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are
humble.

Sec. Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks
mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak !
Your eyes do menace me : why look you pale ?
Who sent you hither ? Wherefore do you come ?

Both. To, to, to—

Clar. To murder me ? 170

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you ?

First Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.

Sec. Murd. Never, my lord, therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent ? What is my offence ?
Where are the evidence that do accuse me ? 180

What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge ? or who pronounced
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death ?

Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart and lay no hands on me :

The deed you undertake is damnable.

First Murd. What we will do, we do upon command. 4

Sec. Murd. And he that hath commanded is the
king. 191

Clar. Erroneous vassal ! the great King of kings.

Hath in the tables of his law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder : and wilt thou, then,

Spurn at his edict and fulful a man's ?

Take heed ; for he holds vengeance in his hands,

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

Sec. Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on
thee,

For false forswearing and for murder too :

Thou didst receive the holy sacrament, 200

To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

First Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow ; and with thy treacherous
blade

Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

Sec. Murd. Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and
defend.

First Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful
law to us,

When thou hast broke it in so dear degree ?

Clar. Alas ! for whose sake did I that ill deed ?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake :

Why, sirs, 210

He sends ye not to murder me for this ;

For in this sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be revenged for this deed,

O, know you yet, he doth it publicly :

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm ;
 He needs no indirect nor lawless course
 To cut off those that have offended him.

First Murd. Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,
 When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
 That princely novice, was struck dead by thee ? 220

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

First Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy
 fault,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me ;
 I am his brother, and I love him well.
 If you be hired for meed, go back again,
 And I will send you to my brother Gloucester.
 Who shall reward you better for my life
 Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

Sec. Murd. You are deceived, your brother Gloucester
 hates you. 230

Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear :
 Go you to him from me.

Both. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
 Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
 And charged us from his soul to love each other,
 He little thought of this divided friendship :
 Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep.

First Murd. Ay, millstones ; as he lesson'd us to
 weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

First Murd. Right, 240
 As snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself :
 'Tis he that sent us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. It cannot be ; for when I parted with him,
He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

Sec. Murd. Why, so he doth, now he delivers thee
From this world's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

First Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die,
my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God, 250
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

Sec. Murd. What shall we do ?

Clar. Relent, and save yourselves.

First Murd. Relent ! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you, 260
Would not entreat for life ?

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks ;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress :
A begging prince what beggar pities not ?

Sec. Murd. Look behind you, my lord.

First Murd. Take that, and that : if all this will
not do, [Stabs him.
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit, with the body.

Sec. Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands 271
Of this most grievous guilty murder done !

Re-enter First Murderer.

First Murd. How now ! what mean'st thou, that thou
help'st me not ?

By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou art!

Sec. Murd. I would he knew that I had saved his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say ;

For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*

First Murd. So do not I: go, coward as thou art.

Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Until the duke take order for his burial :
And when I have my meed, I must away ;
For this will out, and here I must not stay.

XI.

THE KING'S REMORSE.

KING RICHARD III. ACT II. SCENE I. *London.*

The Palace. King and Courtiers.

Enter DERBY.

Der. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.

Der. I will not rise, unless your highness grant.

K. Edw. Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st.

Der. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life ;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,

And shall the same give pardon to a slave?
My brother slew no man ; his fault was thought, 10
And yet his punishment was cruel death.
Who sued to me for him ? who, in my rage,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised ?
Who spake of brotherhood ? who spake of love ?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me ?
Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, ' Dear brother, live, and be a king ' ?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field 20
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his own garments, and gave himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night ?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon ; 30
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you :
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life ;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this !
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh, poor
Clarence !

XII.

KING RICHARD III. AT BOSWORTH.

KING RICHARD III. ACT V. SCENE III.

Bosworth Field.

Enter KING RICHARD *in arms, with* NORFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY, *and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent there! here will I lie to-night;

But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.

Who hath descried the number of the foe?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power. 10

K. Rich. Why, our battalion trebles that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse party want.

Up with my tent there! Valiant gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the field;

Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and others. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car, 20
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent :
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength.
My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment :
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him, 30
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the Earl to see me in my tent :

Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou go'st,
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know ?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
Which well I am assured I have not done,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him, 40
And give him from me this most needful scroll.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it ;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

Richm. Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business : [gentlemen,
In to our tent ; the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*

*Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF,
CATESBY, and others.*

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper-time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.
What, is my beaver easier than it was? 50
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Catesby!

Cate. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power 60
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. [*Exit Catesby.*]
Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord
Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop, 70
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
 Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
 Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.

Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent
 And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

• *[Exeunt Ratcliff and the other Attendants.]*

Enter DERBY to RICHMOND in his tent, Lords and others attending.

Der. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford 80
 Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
 Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Der. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
 Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
 So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
 And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
 In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—
 Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
 And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
 Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war. 90

I, as I may—that which I would I cannot,—
 With best advantage will deceive the time,
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,
 Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
 Be executed in his father's sight.
 Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
 Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon: • 100

God give us leisure for these rites of love !
 Once more, adieu : be valiant, and speed well !

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :
 I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap.
 Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
 When I should mount with wings of victory :
 Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt all but Richmond.*]

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath, 110
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries !
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in the victory !
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes :
 Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still ! [*Sleeps.*
Enter the Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, son to HENRY the
 Sixth.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul
 to-morrow !

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
 At Tewksbury : despair, therefore, and die ! 120
 [*To Richmond*] Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the wronged
 souls

Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf :
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of HENRY the Sixth.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] When I was mortal, my anointed
 body

By thee was punished full of deadly holes :

Think on the Tower and me : despair, and die !
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die !
[*To Richmond*] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror !
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep : live, and flourish ! 130

Enter the Ghost of CLARENCE.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul
to-morrow !

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death !
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die !—
[*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee :
Good angels guard thy battle ! live, and flourish !

Enter the Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN.

Ghost of R. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy
soul to-morrow,

Rivers, that died at Pomfret ! despair, and die ! 140

Ghost of G. [*To Richard*] Think upon Grey, and let thy
soul despair !

Ghost of V. [*To Richard*] Think upon Vaughan, and,
with guilty fear,

Let fall thy lance : despair, and die !

All. [*To Richmond*] Awake, and think our wrongs in
Richard's bosom

Will conquer him ! awake, and win the day !

Enter the Ghost of HASTINGS.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days !
Think on Lord Hastings : despair and die !

[*To Richmond*] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake !
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake ! 150

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. [*To Richard*] Dream on thy cousins smother'd
in the Tower :

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die !
[*To Richmond*] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and
wake in joy ;

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !
Live, and beget a happy race of kings !
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of LADY ANNE.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Richard, thy wife, that wretched
Anne thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee, 160
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die !
[*To Richmond*] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep ;
Dream of success and happy victory !
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of BUCKINGHAM.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] The first was I that help'd thee
to the crown ;

The last was I that felt thy tyranny :
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness ! 170
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death :
Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !
[*To Richmond*] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid :

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismayed :
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side ;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse : bind up my
wounds.

Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft ! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight. 180
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear ? myself ? there's none else by :
Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here ? No. Yes, I am :
Then fly. What, from myself ? Great reason why :
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself ?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore ? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself ?
O, no ! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself ! 190
I am a villain : yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well : fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree ;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree ;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty ! guilty !
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me ; 200
And if I die, no soul shall pity me :
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself ?

Methought the souls of all that I have murder'd
 Came to my tent ; and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord !

K. Rich. 'Zounds ! who is there ?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord ; 'tis I. The early village-cock
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn ; 210
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream !
 What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true ?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond
 It is not yet near day. Come, go with me ; 220
 Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
 To see if any mean to shrink from me. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Lords to RICHMOND, sitting in his tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond !

Richm. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
 That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord ?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
 That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
 Have I since your departure had, my lords.
 Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
 Came to my tent, and cried on victory ; 231
 I promise you, my soul is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

His oration to his soldiers.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,

The leisure and enforcement of the time

Forbids to dwell upon : yet remember this,

God and our good cause fight upon our side ; 240

The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,

Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces ;

Richard except, those whom we fight against

Had rather have us win than him they follow ;

For what is he they follow ? truly, gentlemen,

A bloody tyrant and a homicide ;

One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd ;

One that made means to come by what he hath,

And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him ;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil 250

Of England's chair, where he is falsely set ;

One that hath ever been God's enemy :

Then, if you fight against God's enemy,

God will in justice ward you as his soldiers ;

If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,

You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;

If you do fight against your country's foes,

Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire ;

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,

Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ; 260

If you do free your children from the sword,

Your children's children quit it in your age,

Then, in the name of God and all these rights,

Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof
 Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully ;
 God and Saint George ! Richmond and victory ! 270

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants and Forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond ?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth : and what said Surrey then ?

Rat. He smiled and said 'The better for our purpose.'

K. Rich. He was in the right ; and so indeed it is.

[*Clock striketh.*

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.

Who saw the sun to-day ?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine ; for by the book
 He should have braved the east an hour ago :

A black day will it be to somebody. 280

Ratcliff !

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day ;
 The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
 I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
 Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me
 More than to Richmond ? for the selfsame heaven
 That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord ; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle ; caparison my horse.

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power ; 290

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered :

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot ;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst :

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle, whose puissance on either side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse. 300

This, and St. George to boot ! What think'st thou,

Norfolk ?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.

This found I on my tent this morning.

[He sheweth him a paper.]

K. Rich. *[Reads]* 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'

A thing devised by the enemy.

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls :

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,

Devised at first to keep the strong in awe : 310

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell ;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

[Drum afar off.] Hark ! I hear their drum.

Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold yeomen !

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head ! •

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley ? will he bring his power ?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head ! 320

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh ; -
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my
bosom :

Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms.

XIII.

"MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE."

KING RICHARD III. ACT V. SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

*Alarum : excursions. Enter NORFOLK and forces fighting ;
to him CATESBY.*

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue !
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger :
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

Cate. Withdraw, my lord ; I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die : 10
I think there be six Richmonds in the field ;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

XIV.

TRIUMPH OF RICHMOND.

KING RICHARD III. ACT V. SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter RICHARD and RICHMOND ; *they fight.*
RICHARD is slain. *Retreat and flourish.* Re-enter
RICHMOND, DERBY bearing the crown, with divers other
Lords.

Richm. God and your arms be praised, victorious
friends ;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit
thee.

Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal :
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say Amen to all !
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living ?

Der. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ; 10
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side ?

Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferreys,
Sir Robert Brackenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births :
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us :
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red :
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction, 20
That long have frown'd upon their enmity !
What traitor hears me, and says not amen ?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire :
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house, 30
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days !
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again : 40
That she may long live here, God say amen !

NOTES.

I.

KING JOHN has got into his power his nephew, Arthur of Britanny, son of his elder brother, Geoffrey, and of Constance. Fearing that his nephew may some day claim the crown, he persuades Hubert de Burgh, one of his Barons, to put out the boy's eyes.

Notice 'which' for 'who' (4) as in the Lord's Prayer, the double negative (57), and 'his' not 'its' (63).

10. I am in reality as little of a prince as one can be who has the right to be more than a prince, *i.e.* a king.

22. **Geoffrey** : third son of Henry II. and elder brother of John.

38. **Effect** : meaning.

66. **but for containing** : only because it contains.

117. **secure** : not 'safe,' but 'free from anxiety.'

II.

THE play of King John ends with a patriotic appeal to England to resist the French invaders.

When has England helped "to wound itself"? What is needful for real national unity?

III.

AT the beginning of the play of Richard II., the dying John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, the third son of Edward III., gives expression to his love for England, and his sense of her greatness and good fortune, and reproves his nephew, Richard II., for his treatment of her.

32. **siege** : attack.

33. **Neptune** : the sea.

34. Gaunt is indignant with the king, who has let out his kingdom (27), and issued documents to make money.

IV.

BOLINGBROKE had deposed and murdered his cousin, Richard, and made himself king. In this he had been helped by the great Northern house of the Percies. Now the king and these nobles quarrel. Hotspur, the son of Northumberland, refuses to give up the Scots, whom he has taken prisoners at Holmedon, unless Henry consents to ransom Mortimer (the real heir to the throne, and Hotspur's brother-in-law), who is the captive of Owen Glendower, the Welsh rebel. This Henry will not do, because Mortimer has married Glendower's daughter. Enraged by this refusal, Hotspur, his father, and his uncle, the Earl of Worcester, determine to form a league with Glendower, Mortimer, and their Scotch prisoner, Douglas, and attack Henry.

5, 6. **myself ... condition** : act like a king rather than show my own natural temper.

19. **the sullen threatening looks of a subject** : frontier means a fortification, something that faces an enemy.

25. **not with such ...** = were not refused so rudely as your majesty is informed.

27. **misprision** = mistake.

41. **snuff** : there is a play on two meanings (1) snuffed it up, (2) was annoyed at it.

46. **holiday and lady terms** : fine elegant words.

56. **God save the mark** : if I may say so.

68. Count as an accusation.

70. When you take the circumstances into consideration.

78. Will only give them up on condition that

87. **indent with fears** : make bargains with those who wish to frighten us.

108. never did treachery cloak her actions with

163. of hiring men to murder Richard.

178-9. to show how you are ranked and judged as tools of this crafty king.

208. **half-faced fellowship** : this half-hearted alliance of ours.

275. **slip** : let the grey-hounds out of the leash.

291. **head** : an army.

292. **even** : behave ourselves as well as we can.

V.

WE now see the three conspirators in council.

86. **comes me cranking in** : bends in to my disadvantage, cf. line 96.

105. Merlin, the prophet and magician of King Arthur's court.

VII.

ON the feast of S. Crispin and S. Crispian, October 25th, 1415, Henry V. with a small force faced a great French Army at Agincourt : with him were his two brothers, Bedford and Gloucester, his cousin, Exeter, and other nobles.

50. **with advantages** : his feats will not lose in the telling.

63. **gentle his condition** : make him a gentleman.

VIII.

QUEEN MARGARET of Anjou and Clifford, the chief Lancastrian noble, had 'chid' Henry away from the battle, saying "that he was better at praying than at fighting." While his crown is at stake he is content to be merely a spectator.

64. **press'd forth** : forced to fight.

IX.

RICHARD, duke of Gloucester, has determined to shrink from no crime to make himself king. His first victim is his brother, George, duke of Clarence. In this scene and the two that follow we see how the murder is planned, the actual commission of the deed, and the remorse of King Edward IV.

X.

Brackenbury : the governor of the Tower.

10. **Burgundy** : here means the country we now call Belgium.

45. **melancholy flood** : the Styx.

46. **ferryman** : Charon.

49. **Warwick** : the kingmaker. Clarence had betrayed him at the battle of Barnet.

57. Clarence and Gloucester had murdered Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Henry VI.

XI.

5. The life of my servant, which he has forfeited (lost).

XII.

THE tale of Richard's crimes is now full, and judgment follows. He is attacked, defeated, and slain by Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, at Bosworth Field, 1485.

83. by attorney: by proxy, on the part of thy mother.

156. Richard's crest was a boar: annoy=annoyance.

243. With the exception of Richard.

XIV.

29. Elizabeth: daughter of Edward IV., heiress of the white rose, the house of York.

GLOSSARY.

The references are to selection and line. An asterisk (*) prefixed denotes that the word is no longer commonly used in the sense which it bears here.

- Abate**, make blunt, xiv. 35.
Abroach, set abroach, cause, ix. 2.
Alacrity, eagerness, xii. 73.
***Alarum**, call to arms, viii. 1.
Amain, with full force, viii. 119.
***Angerly**, angrily, i. 81.
Anon, at once, i. 47.
Arbitrement, decision, xii. 89.
***Arras**, hangings on the wall, i. 2.

***Battle**, division of an army, vii. 2.
***Bear hard**, to be annoyed at, iv. 268.
***Beaver**, helmet, xii. 50.
Berkeley, castle in Gloucestershire, iv. 247.
Boon, gift, xi. 1.
Boot, to boot, in addition, vi. 29.
Bootless, profitless, v. 58.
Bottom, valley, v. 93.
Brawl (*v.*), quarrel, ix. 1.
Bulk, body, x. 40.
***Butcherly**, murderously, viii. 89.

Candy, sugared, sweet, iv. 249.
Canker, dog-rose, iv. 176.
Canker'd, malignant, iv. 137.

***Canstick**, candlestick, v. 116.
Caparison (*v.*), to cover with a horse-cloth, xii. 289.
***Cates**, delicacies, v. 148.
Cavil, quarrel, v. 125.
Chat, talk, iv. 65.
Choler, anger, iv. 129.
***Christendom**, baptism, Christianity, i. 16.
***Clipp'd**, clasped, v. 36.
***Cock-shut-time**, evening twilight, xii. 70.
***Conduct**, escort, v. 80.
***Conjunction**, marriage, xiv. 20.
Convoy, conveyance, vii. 37.
***Corrival**, rival, iv. 207.
***Corse**, corpse, iv. 44.
***Costard**, the head, x. 152.
***Couched**, lying, viii. 53.
Cousin, kinsman, applied to nephew, niece, uncle, grandchild, iv. 252.
Cressets, baskets of fire, used as beacons, v. 14.
Crib, small room, vi. 9.
Crisp, curled, rippling, iv. 106.
Coz, cousin, v. 49.
***Cozener**, deceiver, iv. 253.

***Delicates**, delicacies, viii. 51.
Demi-Paradise, almost a Paradise, iii. 12.

Despatch (*v.*), to do a thing quickly, i. 27.

Dire, dreadful, xiv. 28.

Disdain'd, disdainful, iv. 183.

*Dispiteous, pitiless, i. 35.

Ditty, words of a song, v. 109.

Dogged, resolute, i. 116.

*Ean, bring forth young, viii. 36.

Eavesdropper, a listener, xii. 221.

Environ, surround, x. 59.

Erroneous, making mistakes, x. 192.

Fairest-boding, prophesying success, xii. 227.

*Fall off, prove faithless, iv. 94.

Fell (*adj.*), cruel, viii. 13.

Fleeting, fickle, x. 55.

Foil, metal placed behind a jewel to set it off, xii. 250.

*Foreward, vanguard, xii. 293.

Fulsome, nauseous, xii. 132.

Gage (*v.*), engage, iv. 173.

Gall (*v.*), annoy, iv. 227.

Griffin, half a lion, half an eagle, v. 137.

Gull, fool, ix. 5.

*Handkercher, handkerchief, i. 42.

*Hardiment, hard strokes, iv. 101.

Hazard, risk, danger, iv. 128.

*Holp, *p.p.* of help, iv. 13.

Homicide, murderer, xii. 246.

*Hurly, noise, uproar, vi. 25.

Impeach, reproach, accuse, iv. 75.

*Indent, indentation, v. 92.

*Indirectly, wrongfully, unjustly, iv. 66.

*Induction, beginning, v. 2.
Insatiate, never satisfied, iii. 8.

*Jewry, Judea, iii. 25.

Jocund, gay, xii. 232.

Lackey, servant, v. 143.

*Lap, wrap, xi. 21.

*Larum bell, alarm bell, vi. 17.

*Lesson (*v.*), to teach, x. 238.

Licence (*v.*), permit, iv. 123.

Lien, *p.p.* of lie, i. 50.

Malmsey butt, cask of Malmsey wine, x. 153.

Meed, reward, x. 226.

*Methinks, I think, iii. 1.

*Methoughts, I thought, x. 9.

*Milliner, draper, iv. 36.

*Misthink, judge amiss, viii. 102.

Model, plan, xii. 24.

Molety, half, v. 84.

*Moldwarp, mole, v. 134.

Mortal-staring, grim-looking, xii. 90.

*Nativity, birth, v. 12.

Novice, young man, x. 220.

Obdurate, hard-hearted, ix. 24.
Occasion, chance, opportunity, iv. 274.

*Overgone, overcome, viii. 114.

*Owes, owns, i. 110.

Pallet, small bed, vi. 10.

*Parmaceti, spermaceti, iv. 58.

*Peise (*v.*), weigh down, xii. 105.

Pell-mell, at random—xii. 312.

*Pelting, paltry, iii. 30.

Pent, imprisoned, x. 259.

Peremptory, positive, iv. 16.

Perturbations, disturbances, xii. 161.

*Pismire, ant, iv. 238.
 *Poise, weight, viii. 13.
 Pomfret, Pontefract, in York-shire, xii. 140.
 Portly, large, iv. 13.
 *Post (v.), hasten, viii. 119.
 *Pouncet-box, perforated box for carrying perfumes, iv. 38.
 *Practise (v.), plot, use deceit, i. 20.
 Prate (s.b.), talk, i. 25.
 Proof, armour which has been tried and proved impenetrable, xii. 219.
 Puissance, power, xii. 299.
 Purposes, proposals, iv. 215.
 Pursuivant-at-arms, herald, xii. 59.

 *Quest, trial in a court of law, x. 181.
 Quick-conceiving, quickly understanding, iv. 189.

 Ravenspurg, harbour in York-shire, iv. 246.
 *Rheum, tear, i. 33.
 Rue, to regret, ii. 6.
 Ruminated, plotted, iv. 272.
 . . .
 *Sblood, for God's blood, iv. 245.
 Scandalized, disgraced, iv. 154.
 Scope, freedom of action, v. 156.
 Scroll, paper, xii. 41.
 *Set, setting, xii. 19.
 *Silly, innocent, viii. 43.
 *Sirrah, way of addressing an inferior, iv. 118.

*Skimble-skamble, wild, incoherent, v. 139.
 *Sooth, truth, i. 29.
 Sop, piece of cake steeped in wine, x. 154.
 *Spleen, temper, xii. 326.
 *State, chair of state, vi. 13.
 Staves, wooden part of a lance, xii. 65.
 Still, always, ever, i. 47.
 Swain, peasant, viii. 22.

 *Tall, brave, iv. 62.
 Tardy, slow, xii. 225.
 Tenement, a house which is leased out, iii. 30.
 Thralldom, slavery, x. 247.
 Troth, truth, i. 104.

 Unjointed, disconnected, iv. 65.
 Unvalued, invaluable, x. 27.
 *Unwares, unawares, viii. 62.

 *Vantage, advantage, xii. 15.
 Vaunts, boasts, xii. 288.
 Vigil, eve of a festival, vii. 45.

 Wantonness, whim, caprice, affectation, i. 16.
 Ward (v.), protect, guard, xii. 254.
 Welkin, sky, xii. 318.
 *Whiles, while, vii. 66.

 *Yearns, annoys, grieves, vii. 27.

 *Zounds, for God's wounds, iv. 131.

ESSAY QUESTIONS.

I.

1. Describe what a spectator will see in this scene—the room in the old castle, the walls, the instruments of torture, the looks and dress of the characters, and their actions.
2. Why are you so sorry for Arthur?
3. Describe in your own words Arthur's various pleas for mercy.
4. Show how Hubert is gradually softened.
5. What plays upon words are there in the piece? What double adjectives? What antiquated modes of expression?
6. What speech do you like best? What single line? Give your reasons.

III.

1. Give in your own words Gaunt's description of the King's character.
2. Why is England so fortunate in her position?
3. What Englishmen had been famous for 'true chivalry'?

IV.

1. What do you learn of Henry's character from this scene?
2. Describe in your own words the interview between Hotspur and 'a certain lord.'
3. Why were the Percies so angry with the King?
4. How do father, son, and uncle differ from one another?
5. Describe Hotspur's character, with special reference to (a) his hot temper, (b) his love of renown, (c) his contempt for others, (d) his indignation at meanness, (e) his fondness for imagery in speech.

VI.

1. Show how Henry brings out the contrast between himself and his poorest subjects.
2. Explain carefully the force of the epithets in lines 18-27.

VII.

1. Describe in your own words what precedes and follows the King's speech.
2. Why does Henry not wish for any more men?
3. What account does he give of himself?
4. Why were men likely to fight well for such a king?
5. 'This story shall the good man teach his son.' Suppose yourself the 'good man' telling the story.

VIII.

1. Show how the scene brings out the horrors of civil war.
2. 'Henry VI. had good points, but was quite unfit to be a king.' How does this scene show it? Compare him with his father and grandfather.
3. With what does he compare the battle? Why does he wish to be a 'homely swain'?

IX., X., XI., XII., XIII., XIV.

1. Describe Richard's character as shown in these scenes. What good points has he? Do you feel any pity for him?
2. Give Clarence's dream in your own words.
3. Describe the ghost scene, and Richard's dreams.
4. Compare the speeches of Richard and Richmond.

HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY.

The most useful *short* account of Shakespeare's Life and Works will be found in Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature." (Macmillan, 1s.)

After this should be read :

"Shakespeare Primer": Edward Dowden. (Macmillan, 1s.)

For general criticism :

Dowden : "Shakspeare, His Mind and Art." (Kegan Paul.)

Furnival's "Introduction to the Leopold Shakspeare."

Coleridge's "Lectures on Shakspeare."

Brandes : "William Shakspeare." (Heinemann.)

Boas : "Shakspeare and his Predecessors." (Murray.)

Walter Bagehot : "Literary Studies."

For character studies :

W. Hazlitt : "Shakespeare's Characters."

Mrs. Jameson : "Characteristics of Women."

For Shakespeare's life :


Sidney Lee : "A Life of William Shakespeare." (Smith, Elder.)

For the language :

The excellent short Glossary to the Globe Edition. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.)

Abbot : "Shakespearian Grammar." (Macmillan.)

Schmidt : "Shakespeare—Lexicon." (Williams and Norgate.)

The second volume of Jusserand's "Histoire Littéraire du Peuple Anglais, de la Renaissance à la Guerre Civile" (Firmin-Didot) is most instructive and interesting : and Mézières, "Shakespeare, ses œuvres et ses critiques" (Hachette) is very good on the Historical Plays. In German F. Kreyssig's "Shakespeare-Fragen" will probably be found the most useful book. 

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